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of his country's debts and duties, there was no little force in the appeal of a nobly brave spirited woman to the chivalry of the American navy.

He was "bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, on the 12th of May, 1856," when he received his telegraphic order to proceed forthwith to New York, for duty upon the Arctic expedition. In nine days from that date he was beyond the limits of the United States on his dismal voyage to the North Pole. Of this first American expedition, as is well known to the public, he was the surgeon, the naturalist, and the historian. It returned disappointed of its main object, after a winter in the regions of eternal ice and a fifteen months' absence.

Scarcely allowing himself a day to recover from the hardships of this cruise, he set on foot the second attempt, from which he has returned, after verifying by actual observation the long questioned existence of an open sea beyond the latitude of 82°, and beyond the temperature, also, of 100° below the freezing point. His "Personal Narrative," published early in 1853, recounts the adventures of the first voyage, and discovers his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise.

The last voyage occupied two winters in the highest latitudes, and two years and a half of unintermitted labor, with the risks and responsibilities attendant. He is now preparing the history for publication.

The paintings and drawings from sketches by Dr. Kane, are being prepared by James Hamilton, Esq., who we are informed has devoted several years to the study of Arctic subjects in connection with Dr. Kane. There will be in all, including line and wood engravings, three hundred illustrations, the work to be published in two octavo volumes.

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

AFTER our studies, last month, with the polished worthlessness of Maad and the rough gold of Leaves of Grass, we are thankful for Browning's "Men and Women," which comes in to give us the mean where Art meets the rough metal, and gives us a result, not perfect, it may be, but nearly enough to it. A grand, glorious, dramatic mind, his is, and, to our mind, artistic to the last point which Art reaches, without becoming over-polish. How the calm and serenity of the following poem climbs into another sphere of existence from that in which we have been with our other two poets:

THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL:

A PICTURE AT FANO.

DEAR and great angel, wouldst thou only leave

That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!

Let me sit all the day here, that when eve

Shall find performed thy special ministry,

And time come for departure, thou, suspending

Thy flight, mayst see another child for tending,

Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,

From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,

And suddenly my head be covered o'er

With those wings, white above the child who prays

Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding

Me, out of all the world, for me, discarding

Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door!

I would not look up thither past thy head
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low

Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garments spread?

If this was ever granted, I would rest

My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought ex-

pands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and supple.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O, world, as God has made it! all its beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty?

What further may be sought for or declared?

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach

(Alfred, dear friend)—that little child to pray,
Holding the little hands up, each to each
Pressed gently,—with his own head turned away
Over the earth where so much lay before him
Of work to do, though heaven was opening o'er him,
And he was left at Fano by the beach.

We were at Fano, and three times we went

To sit and see him in his chapel there,
And drink his beauty to our soul's content
—My angel with me too: and since I care
For dear Guercino's fame, (to which in power
And glory comes this picture for a dowry,
Fraught with a pathos so magnificent.)

And since he did not work so earnestly

At all times, and has else endured some wrong,—
I took one thought his picture struck from me,
And spread it out, translating it to song.
My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?
How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?
This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

As must be the case with all who really comprehend the spirit of any art, he enters into all others with such grace that we feel him to be at home there, a proper dweller there. Some of the passages from artist-life are such that we can scarcely realize that he himself has not walked those ways. There is a poem, called "Andrea del Sarto," which we would like to quote entire, but must content ourselves with passages. It is a picture most painful, but not without high use. It opens abruptly, but suggestively.

But do not let us quarrel all more,

No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?
I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it tenderly?

He begs her to sit with him at the window, looking forth through the evening, that he may be refreshed for his morrow's work—he is very weary. She consents, and he talks of himself and his life:

Love, we are in God's hand.

How strange now, looks the life he makes us lead!

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are:

I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!

This chamber for example—turn your head—

All that's behind us! you don't understand

Nor care to understand about my art,

But you can hear at least when people speak:

And that cartoon, the second from the door

—It is the thing, Love! so such things should be—
Behold Madonna, I am bold to say.

Poor man! one's heart begins to ache for him already. "You don't understand, nor care to understand about my art."

The sudden blood of these men! at a word—

Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
I, painting for myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am moved by men's blame
Or their praise either.

Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth

The Urbinate who died five years ago.

(Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)

Well, I can fancy how he did it all,

Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,

Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him,

Above and through his art—for it gives way;

That arm is wrongly put—and there again—

A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,

Its body, so to speak! its soul is right,

He means right—that, a child may understand.

Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.

But all the play, the insight and the stretch—

Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out?

Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,

We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.

Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—

More than I merit, yes, by many times.

But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,

And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,

And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird

The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—

Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!

Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged

"God and the glory! never care for gain.

The present by the future, what is that?

Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—

Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!"

I might have done it for you. So it seems—

Perhaps not. —All is as God overrules.

Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;

The rest avail not. Why do I need you?

What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo?

In this world, who can do a thing, will not—

And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:

Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—

And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,

God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.

"Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,

That I am something underrated here,

Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.

Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,

And that long festival year at Fontainebleau!

I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,

Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,

In that humane great monarch's golden look,—

One finger on his beard or twisted curl

Over his mouth's gold mark that made the smile,

One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,

The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,

You painting proudly with his breath on me:

All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,

Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls

Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hairs,—

And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,

This in the background, waiting on my work,

To crown the issue with a last reward!

A good time, was it not, my kindly days?

Then he, tells her of his life at the French court, how he was honored, and then—

You called me, and I came home to your heart.

The triumph was to have ended there—then if

I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?

Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,

You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!

"Rafael did this; Andrea painted that—"

The Roman's is the better when you pray,

But still the other's Virgin was his wife—"

Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge

Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
My better fortune, I resolve to think.
For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
Said one day Angelo, his very self,
To Rafael . . . I have known it all these years . . .
(When the young man was flaming out his thoughts
Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
Too lifted up in heart because of it)
"Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
Who, were he set to plan and execute
As you are pricked on by your popes and kings,
Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!"
To Rafael's!—And indeed the arm is wrong.
I hardly dare—yet, only you to see,
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go!
Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he? why, who but Michael Angelo?
Do you forget already words like those?)
If really there was such a chance, so lost,
Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more pleased.
Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!
This hour has been an hour! Another smile?
If you would sit thus by me every night
I should work better, do you comprehend?
I mean that I should earn more, give you more.

* * * * *

No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
You loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.
This must suffice me here. What would one have?
In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me
To cover—the three first without a wife,
While I have mine! So—still they overcome
Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose.

There is another side of artist-life in the
poem, "Fra Lippo Lippi," who, on a night ex-
cursion from his convent, is arrested by the
watchman, and explains, and so tells the story
of how he became at once a monk and a painter.
Having been set at painting a wall, he had
finished his work and exposed it to view:

The monks closed in a circle and praised loud
Till checked, (taught what to see and not to see,
Being simple bodies) "that's the very man!
Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog!
That woman's like the Prior's niece who comes
To care about his asthma: it's the life!"
But there my triumph's straw-fire flared and fumed—
Their betters took their turn to see and say:
The Prior and the learned pulled a face
And stopped all that in no time. "How? what's here?
Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea! It's devil's-game!
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men—
Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . . no it's not . . .
It's vapor done up like a new-born babe—
(In that shape when you die it leaves your mouth)
It's . . . well, what matters talking, it's the soul!
Give us no more of body than shows soul.
Here's Glotto, with his Saint a-praising God!
That sets you praising—why not stop with him?
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our heads
With wonder at lines, colours, and what not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!
Rub all out, try at it a second time.
Oh, that white smallest female with the breasts,
She's just my niece . . . Herodias, I would say,—
Who went and danced and got men's heads cut off—
Have it all out!" Now, is this sense, I ask?
A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go further
And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for white

When what you put for yellow's simply black,
And any sort of meaning looks intense
When all beside itself means and looks nought.
Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint—is it so pretty
You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,
And then add soul and heighten them threefold?
Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—
(I never saw it—put the case the same—)
If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents,—
That's somewhat.

Then follows some subtle Art-philosophy:

However, you're my man, you've seen the world
—The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!
—For what? do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What's it all about?
To be passed o'er, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wondered at? oh, this last of course, you say.
But why not do as well as say,—paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works—paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His works
Are here already—nature is complete:
Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't)
There's no advantage! you must beat her, then."
For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have
passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that—
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

And then a bit of satire on admiration of
Art:

I painted a St. Laurence six months since
At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style.
"How looks my painting, now the scaffold's down?"
I ask a brother: "Hugely," he returns—
"Already not one phiz of your three slaves
That turn the Deacon off his toasted side,
But's scratched and prodded to our heart's content,
The pious people have so eased their own
When coming to say prayers there in a rage.
We get on fast to see the bricks beneath.
Expect another job this time next year,
For pity and religion grow in the crowd—
Your painting serves its purpose!" Hang the fools!

In the poem addressed to his wife, there is
some exquisite truth, which goes far to confirm
our belief in Browning's essentially artistic
talent—the spirit of the artist is so full that we
cannot but wonder if the forms appear not:

ONE WORD MORE.

TO E. B. B.

THERE they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together.
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil,
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view—but One, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.

Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas—
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
(Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left-hand! the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
Let the wretch go festering thro' Florence)—
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel,—
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he—"Certain people of importance"
(Such he gave his daily, dreadful line to)
Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet,
Says the poet—"Then I stopped my painting."

You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?

This: no artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for One only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for One only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Save the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing—
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!

Yet a semblance of resource avails us—
Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it,
Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last time.
He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds it all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.
He who blows thro' bronze, may breathe thro' silver,
Fittly serenade a slumbrous princess.
He who writes, may write for once, as I do.

The new poem of "Festus Bailey,"* is an

* The Mystic, and other poems, by Philip James
Bailey, author of "Festus." Ticknor & Fields.

advance on Festus, in abstruseness and obscurity; but whether it be the obscurity of depth or muddiness, we cannot decide. Poetry, it seems to us, is out of its province in discussions of theological or other abstractions of the metaphysical kind. Logic and rhetoric are only the armor of poetry, and the poet too heavily laden with them, may be safe from attack, but he will pretty surely also be inefficient in action, and it seems to us that "The Mystic" is wrapped too thickly in its mail; but we may err from not knowing what its office is in the field. The opening of the poem will serve as an indication to those whose perceptions may be better than our own.

Who holds not life more yearful than the hours
Since first into this world he wept his way,
Erreth much, may be. Called of God, man's soul
In patriarchal periods, comet-like,
Ranges perchance all spheres successive; and in each,
With nobler powers endowed and senses new,
Set season bieth. So with him it seemed
Of whom I speak, the initiate of the light,
The adopted of the water and the sun.

Time's sand-dry streamlet through its glassy straits
Flowed ceaseless; and he lived a threefold life
Through all the ages; yea, seven times his soul
Commingleth, leavened with its light the world.
First in the feasts of life, and the sun's son,
Through all God's homely universe he roamed
Lordly, and spake to earth the lore of stars,
The mother-tongue of Heaven our Fatherland.
Born to instate mankind in veriest truth,
By nature symbolised in gem, bloom, and wing;
To give to all the hope of bliss reserved,
And ultimate certainty of angelhood,
He like a river which through gullies, rocks,
And deserts runs its purifying race
To Ocean's thrice regenerative depths,
Chose through all probations his own path,
And voluntary frode the downward way;
For they whose eyes by spirit-fire are purged
Move ever up the reascend to light,
On a celestial gradient, paved with wings;
Disrobed him of all privilege, and alone
Suffered the dignities yearned for by the mass
But that he might ennoble servitude.

Grounded in Nature's sacred cipher, he
The myk-insculptured language of the light,
To templed tome and lay columnar read,
The masque of gods. But not all spirits can bear,
Untutored, full and free access of truth.
The sage, who ken the verities of soul,
Whose be the preview clard of proph-bard
To open the inner spirit by outward keys,
Who while unclothing still can screen the truth,
That inexpressive wisdom—silence known—
Unless in this wise, lip them not aloud.

The "Spiritual Legend," the second poem in the book, is of much the same strain, reading like Swedenborg versified, to those who do not comprehend him. It is a "spiritual" legend in truth, and contains the elements of some of the grandest philosophical truths we can measure, but if it expresses them as they really are, or indicates them by opposites, is a question for a theological discussion. It commences by a doctrine broad enough to base any erection of human thought on, if it be true.

There were who spiritual legends feigned,
Half lofty, half profound, not nigh half true,
Believed, or seemed; whereof one instance hear,
As erst by early Gnostics of the Nile
Taught; garnished and enlarged in later years.

Ere all, in ancients' eterne, was God
(Holy and blessed always be His name)
In essence inconceivable. He in space
As luminous fulness, pure perfection dwelled,
And in an infinite unity.

Comterne
With God (for ever blest and worshipped be
His name) and contrary to Him as good
Was matter, mother of all evil, and
And centre, caused by Deity nowise.

Light
And darkness are the emblems of these powers,
And ensnare. From their opposition comes
Of good and evil life necessity;
While death and body, life and soul, compugn.

The following genealogy of ideas will be as
strange enough for all, abstract enough for any.

From the All Being Father (Love his name,
Mercy and Grace) the Spirit first was born,
The Spirit, thence the Reason, called the Word;
From Reason, Providence; from providence
Came Power and Wisdom; wisdom Righteousness
Joyful brought forth, and power almighty Peace.

God's light through His trine essence self-reflected,
As through an infinite prism, and like the sun,
Of heaven's great bow the sevenfold hues producing
These seven blessed spirits, attributes divine
Which do His essence designate, evolved.
He, in His own substantial deity,
The same, to whom the septenary stars
And days of time be consecrate, conceived,
Issued and vivified, with Him to live;
Æonian beings of divinest strain.

Of these the twin, high Power and Wisdom, Joined
In holy union, forthright generate
Angels of highest rank and noblest force,
In nature godlike, and in number such
As saintly calculations dedicate
To heavenly orders; such, on Thracian mount,
The maiden muses, sacred to the sun,
Who, hand in hand, with ominous laurel crowned,
Roses or stars, do hymn the universe.

We will only quote another fragment from
the account of creation, which almost vies with
Hiawatha in its use of unutterable names.

The angels made the solid earth; its rocks
Chaotic and amorphous, petrified fire,
Granitic, oolitic; sand and lime;
Igneous and aquatic beds of stone
Upheaving or collapsing, seemed, in turn,
The awful sport of some Titanian arm,
Whose elbow, jogged by earthquakes, wryed the pole.

The angels wrought the mountains, bulk by bulk,
And chain by chain, serrated or escarped,
Or coal-red burnings from Vulcanian forge;
Hekla and Mount Roa and Avergagne;
Tuxtla; and Tonggarai, southwards sided;
By savages beset, who deem, when dead,
Their chieftain's eyes translated into stars;
Andes and Himalaya's heavenly heights;
Dhawalagiri's pinnacle supreme,
And Chuquibamba's cone of roseate snow;
The hill Atilic named the almighty god,
By Tchadic tribelets of the age of mounds;
Higher than lark can soar, or falcon fly,
Cloudlet, or visible vapor scud, it stands;
Oural, and Balkan; Alp, and Alp pennine;
The maget mountain which directeth earth,
Brainlike, ensconced beneath her snowy crown;
Lupata's mighty spine; Lamalmon's pass,
O'ertrampling; Abba Yaret's glittering peak;
Ankobar's, Metra's ranges; all that ring
The desert heart of slave-land, or thence stretch
To the Cape of Storms, and Ilon of the sea;
And Erebus antarctic, fenced with ice.

"A Fairy Tale," which concludes the volume,
is in a vein which relieves us entirely of any fears

for the author's power of controlling his desire
for metaphysics. To our mind, it bears evi-
dence of having given him more satisfaction in
its production than either of the other two. A
few extracts will suffice.

Once in days of yore a little Princess, who had gum-
mers seen
Scarcely seven, and was christened by the holy name
Christine,
Found herself, at eve, disporting in a fairy ring of green.
She had left the kingly castle; left her sire's and moth-
er's side,
Left the banquet, where her brother feasted with his
royal bride;
And had, rambled to the forest valley, 'neath the sum-
mer moon,
Where she crossed the charmed circle, sought thereof
unknown. Soon,
Overwearied there she rested, wishing what might come
to pass,
When by chance her hand alighted on a tuft of clover-
grass.

This she grasped, a tiny handful:—ah! Saint Mary!
what she saw!—
Mounted on their milk-white palfreys, issuing from the
shady shade,
Came the Fairies, caracolling gayly as they passed
along;
Then, dismounting, closed around her in a bright and
joyous throng;
Ladylings and lordlings dancing, piping, harping, full
of song.
Clad in robes of silken silver, golden gossamer a few,
Decked with jewels bright as starlets, bright as berries,
bright as dew;
Some in kirtle, scarf, and doublet, all of verdant forest
hue

The fairies won her over as the fairies should,
and she left the prosy earth to dwell in the joys
of fairy land, but still she yearned for home, as
mortal child ought, until

Drink the dew, the fairy Fate said, that the poppy lends
repose,
Mingled with the fragrant nectar chalcid in the golden
rose.
Then she drank the draught Lethean from the bowl
with flowrets drowned.
Flamy flowers, that all remembrance of her past exist-
ence drowned;
Thus, with lustres vainly lapsing, to perpetual child-
hood bound
Never moon there marked the season; sun ne'er shad-
owed forth the time;
Years themselves were undistinguished in that soft and
listless clime.

Many years she lived among them, uncon-
scious of the lapse of time, until she learned by
chance that they knew not God, but were shut
out from hope of heaven, when her missionary
heart awoke, and she determined to seek

"A godly freere
Who to pious aspiration ever lends a piteous ear;
And will grant his sacred blessing to your nation: doubt
it ne'er;
He will bless whatever loves me, for I to him was always
dear.

She goes out from the charmed land and the
atmosphere of eternal youth, into the world of
her childhood.

All was changed; and she, deep sighing, tottered on
her lonesome way,
Till she neared a stunted hamlet; children at their twi-
ght play,
As she stooped to raise a withering rosebud, by the
path that lay,

Shyly tittering; thus she spake them; laugh ye at my fresh pulled roses?
We laughed to see an old, old beldame picking up our cast-off poses,
Said they; but she understood no word of what the handlings uttered;
And again they mouthed and mocked at that they said the old crone muttered.

We are pleased to welcome a new and really valuable work, on the simpler forms of domestic architecture,* of a more thoughtful tone than is common with such works. A few extracts will show the aim of the work, which comprehends the true philosophy of rendering home attractive, as far as external things can make it so.

"Every enlightened plan for the advancement of family influences and of society in general, will include among its earliest efforts the improvement of dwellings; and this, not only in respect of physical comfort, but of that aid which they can be made to render in the suggestion of salutary associations and the formation of desirable habits. When architecture contributes to such an object, she may justly claim the highest praise. Splendid monuments, temples, and palaces do, indeed, exhibit the wonders of invention and tasteful skill. They proclaim the wealth, and gratify the pride, of individuals and nations. They may act as a beneficial stimulus to the public taste. But he who improves the dwellings-houses of a people in relation to their comforts, habits, and morals, makes a benignant and lasting reform at the very foundation of society.

"That the dwelling should most effectually contribute to such a purpose, its location and its arrangements should be, as far as possible, adapted to the condition, employment, habits, and character of the family. And not only are the adult members to be thought of. The interests of the young should especially be consulted, by all means let the abodes of infancy and youth be made commodious and attractive. These, however humble, may teach lessons of neatness and order; they may and should inspire a regard for comfort and decorum. While the mind and heart are fresh and tender, let the love of parents and kindred be combined with that of place; the love, to wit, of one's own house and fire-side, of garden, tree, and prospect. Thus may you contribute toward rendering the homes of the people not only nurseries of filial and fraternal affection, but the earliest and best schools of obedience and duty, of patriotism and piety.

"In the country, the abodes and occupations of men are more widely separated than in dense communities, so that their life and labors are more often solitary and silent. Such a condition is evidently conducive to thoughtful habits. Among such men we look for frequent instances of marked individuality in character. They are not all moulded into one form by the surrounding pressure. Their sharp corners are not worn off by attrition with the crowd. Not moving in masses, they have opinions and feelings, and perhaps prejudices of their own. There may be some evils in this, but there are advantages also. They may seem less courteous, but are they not more sincere? Among them we look for plain good sense and sturdy independence. Above all, their moral and religious convictions are of a higher tone, and are obeyed with a strength and tenacity of purpose, which we seldom find in any class of city population.

"This trait of individuality suggests not only a plea for country life, but an important consideration for the architect. Let him remember and consult it when planning for rural homes. Let them be in some sense emblematical of their self-relying occupants, suited to their condition, and not out of harmony with their taste and character.

"The tendency to imitation is perhaps seen in nothing more than in the houses which men build. In all time and everywhere, this has been more or less the case, but the trait seems to be especially conspicuous in the

American mind. The evidence of this is not far to seek. We should have less reason to complain if the disposition to copy would confine itself to forms of real excellence and unquestionable beauty. We can only say 'less reason,' for we should still have some. Sameness, even in beauty, soon tires us. Let the production of art be

'Various,
That the mind of desultory man,
Studious of change and pleased with novelty,
May be indulged.'

If she must imitate, let her model be Nature, whose infinite variety 'age cannot wither nor custom stale.'

"Unfortunately the copying tendencies to which we now refer usually run in a very different direction from that of fitness, or of grace. We need not mention instances. To every observant person they are perfectly familiar. Often some peculiarity of material, or form, or ornament, or color, introduced by one ambitious man, sets the fashion for a whole street, or even town. The more uncouth, or fantastic, or incongruous, such features are, the more likely are they to reappear with every new structure that is reared. Surely such mimicry as this is specially unworthy of a people who profess entire freedom and independence of thought and action."

The book is artistically illustrated, and comprises all the topics of interest to those who would build themselves homes—even to the selection of ornamental shrubbery. The plans are really ingenious and common sense like.

North American Review.—The January number of this remarkable quarterly comes to us this time with a generous store of valuable articles. Among its contributions are articles upon the late Henry Wheaton, Barto's pictures of Europe, Sydney Smith, History of the Jacobins, and Vernon's memoirs, the two latter being especially able and interesting. There is also an exceedingly appreciative and judicious notice of Walt. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Altogether, it is an interesting and able number.

WE congratulate the readers of the *Home Journal* upon the entertaining prospect of a novel from the pen of N. P. Willis, entitled "Paul Fane." Not merely entertaining either, for we do not doubt but Mr. Willis can render "Paul Fane" instructive, his experience of life and his peculiarly happy facility of expression qualifying him to place pictures before the public full of artistic value. We can but allude to the fact at present, intending to recur to the subject again, as the work progresses. Among the other attractions of the *Home Journal*, are a series of songs, by George P. Morris, which will, undoubtedly, attract the attention of all lovers of song in the country, being, as he is, one of the first in that department of literature.

"POETRY," Carlyle profoundly says, "is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious! It is the flower into which a life expands, but it is not the life itself, with all daily needs, daily struggles, daily problems. The true poet manfully accepts the condition in which destiny has placed him, and therein tries to make his existence harmonious; the sham poet, like a weak workman fretful with his tools, is loud in assurances of what he might be, were it his lot to live in other circumstances.—*Life of Goethe.*

The ideas which have once been cleared up to the artist remain eternally clear in his mind. He directs himself to these bright points of his inner life when he wishes to model—then he can dream and create! From this source all is real! He has felt what he wishes to represent—he may change and transpose; then unfold, and convey his ideas to other men; and his work will always spring from the heart and go to the heart again. Therefore, he must have experienced the greatest, the simplest, the most beautiful, and the saddest events of Nature and of human life in general—he must have felt the highest joy and the deepest sorrow—and, whoever has trod the noble path of human life with an observing mind—and that is peculiar to the artist—to him are none of these wanting. But it is enough for him, that his fancy embraces Nature in its simplicity! He need not have been the murderer of innumerable children, in order to represent the Massacre of the Innocents—if he only has and loves one *living* child, and thinks—it may die! He need not have drained the cup of vice to the dregs, that he may paint Lucretia—if he only has a wife, or has ever possessed one, whom he loves, and thinks—the poorest king's son may appear before her with the poniard as with dishonor. He need not have gone to beg his bread that he may draw the Prodigal—if he has only been a good son, who loves his father—the tatters are found then. Thus the artist hits everything, whatever it may be, faithfully and truly, if he has always been a genuine man, attentive to the plainest, simplest conditions of Nature. Only in this sense, then, these words are no blasphemy: the artist must have experienced what he wishes to create. Thus, indeed, he has experienced everything; and, though simple and natural himself, he can yet easily represent the unnatural. The artist's first power, then, is his own pure heart; the second, his fancy; the third, the faculty of conceiving everything that comes from his heart as from a true, inexhaustible source, to be afterwards woven by fancy.—*The Married Life of Albert Durer.*

VALUE OF PORTRAITS.—There is something delightful in the intercourse which we have with another's likeness. It is himself, only once removed; he is visible, not tangible; we have his society. In a picture of history, there is often, indeed, more to admire than in the face of one individual man or woman. There is more room for the skill of the artist: it is better adapted to exemplify a moral. But the sentiment that chains us to the other, is wanting; we are not familiar with it: one is a brave matter—a splendid thing; the other is a person, and becomes our friend.* * * It is thus that affection and kind feeling are perpetuated. It is thus that the form and features of the child are made known to its pining parents afar off. It is thus that the faces which we loved to look upon are redeemed from the grave, and sent to us across deserts, and woods, and mountains, or over a thousand leagues of water. This is the greatest boast of Art, as well as its most delectable victory. It annihilates space, if not time, and makes the absent happy.—*Barry Cornwall.*

FALSE taste may be known by its fatiduousness, by its demand of pomps, splendor, and sensual combinations, by its enjoyment only of particular styles and modes of things; and by its pride, also, for it is ever meddling, meddling, accumulating, and self-exulting; its eye is always upon itself, and it tests all things round it by the way they fit it.—*Ruskin.*

A CERTAIN physician remarked, that he found "every individual case of disease a new study." Constantly applied this to painting, and said, "In like manner, every truly original picture is a separate study, and governed by laws of its own; so that what is right in one, would be often entirely wrong if transferred to another

* Village and Farm Cottages, by Henry W. Cleveland, William Beakes, and Samuel Beakes. D. Appleton & Co.